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power to prevent it by all rational and moral means is criminal; that the present armaments are not only burdensome, but they are in excess of real needs; and that both in war and peace the present system presses the heaviest upon laborers, hence the reason of the rally of so many to the movement the purpose of which is "War upon War."

COMPIEGNE, FRANCE, November 10, 1903.

The Bloch Museum at Lucerne.

BY JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

The remarks of Lucia Ames Mead at the recent Peace Congress at Rouen, as reported in the *ADVOCATE OF PEACE*, relative to the large display of war material as compared with the exhibit expository of peace at the Bloch Museum, Lucerne, appear to have been quite justified, if one may judge from the contents of the catalogue of said display. I am indebted to the director, T. Zimmerman, for a copy which, though dated the present year, he says is not complete, "various acquisitions having been made since" it was compiled.

The first division, devoted to "Arms," gives a varied historic line of helmets, cuirasses, sabres, swords, bayonets, spears, lances, arrows, firearms, cannon, ammunition, and so on. Nine divisions of "War Operations and Strategy" leave little to be desired in the panoramic view, from the old Assyrian, Grecian and Roman times, down through the Middle Ages and the intricate campaigns of the Thirty-Years' War, to the great Napoleonic wars and the fierce struggle of the last generation, between France and Germany, even to the Transvaal wars at the ending of the nineteenth century.

At page 44 of the catalogue, detailed on that one page of the whole eighty-seven, we have the exhibit of peace, or such as it was several months ago. The titles are soon given: a table descriptive of the findings of the Hague Conference for International Arbitration; a table of the Convention of Geneva of 1864; four tables which recite the clauses prohibitory of the use of poisoned, explosive and dum-dum bullets, and against throwing shot or explosives from balloons; three other tables, miscellaneous subjects; eight portraits of persons prominently interested in peace; five pictures or paintings, including two large canvases, "Country Scene in Peace" and "Country Scene in War."

Taking up war again, the next division furnishes the History of a Fortress, as shown in many drawings and reliefs, after Viollet le Duc. Next appears the physiological effects of destructive weapons, and therewith the ambulance service. Then we have, *in extenso*, illustrations of uniforms, followed by transport equipments, tool wagons, field smithy, utensil and provision wagons, gun carriages, observation and electric devices, etc. The last division, twenty pages, is taken up with the marine.

While it is probable that, as Lucia A. Mead observes, "in its present condition the Museum is not fully meeting the wishes of its founder," yet from the very nature of the case the war display, in the main, is such as must appeal much the most strikingly to the eye. The war-battered veteran, equally with the young aspirant for a military Cro's of honor, will find here a great mass of interesting study, easily absorbed by "the seeing of the

eye"; the lover of peace, whether it be the socialist contender against burdensome war armaments, or the publicist and parliamentarian, anxious to find economic relief from the insatiate demands of the Twin Daughters of the Horse-Leech, ever crying, "Give! Give!"; or the plain disciple of the Lord, the Prince of Peace, who recognizes above all the sinfulness of the condition of warring Christendom,—all these, after the feeling of a sinking of heart at the fearful array of fighting material, will need, in turning to the data of the better, God-honoring way, to give attention to the study of plain charts and of the presumably large collection of anti-war pamphlets and books prospectively to have place in this Museum. For the rest, the exquisite, local beauties of God's creation, as seen from the Rigi and Pilatus, and along the Lake of the Four Cantons, would seem to utter eloquent protest against the barbarism and desolations of war.

"The Dreary Sound of that Old Tin Can."

The following taken from the *London Outlook* shows, along with innumerable similar occurrences, that in the wake of war, however magnificent may be its exterior displays, there always follow untold horrors and miseries and absolute "blank despair." If people could only be brought to realize these, military campaigns would be proscribed as the most monstrous and inhuman of men's doings. This picture which the Colonel saw was really the significant thing:

"At Spandau I was present at a great review when fifty thousand men—horse, foot and artillery—paraded before the emperor. It was superb; the shoals of bayonets, the drifting clouds of cavalry, the masses of infantry, the drums and trumpets—one said involuntarily, 'What a glorious thing is war!'

"My friend, Colonel von H—— said nothing. As we drove home he said, 'Yes, war is a glorious thing, no doubt. Yet, would you believe me, it haunts my pillow less than an insignificant picture which my memory has labeled "Three Nights after Spicheran."

"I was escorting four important prisoners,—no matter who they were,—and we stopped for the night at a deserted wineshop near the entrance to a deserted hamlet. Our army held all the roads.

"It was a horrible hole of a tavern. The place had been cleaned out, but we tore up some boards and made a fire, and behind a door of an inner room we found a dozen bottles of wine packed in a basket with a ham by some provident soul, and forgotten through hurry or fear.

"We found a frying-pan, and at the sight of it the Frenchmen—all nobles, mind you—cracked jokes and grew quite cheerful. One of the four was a prince; he cut up the ham and showed us how to grease the pan. The Uhans, their wet coats steaming in the warmth of the room, looked on laughing, yet they would have brained him without "by your leave" had he made three steps toward the door. And that is a thing which strikes one on looking back at a campaign.

"As the prince was placing the pan on the fire I heard a sound from the road outside, a sound as if a tin can were being kicked along by some one walking

leisurely. It struck strangely upon my ear, for common sounds in times of peace sometimes become very uncommon noises in time of war.

"By the fire lay one of those ropes soaked in tar called cellar-rats. I lit it and took it to the door; it made a flaming torch and showed me a broad strip of white road spread with puddles and lashed by rain.

"The sound of the tin can drew nearer and nearer; then out of the dark across the torch-lit strip of road came first two women, one young, one very old. The old woman was carrying a bundle, and the young woman had on her back a bundle also.

"They both were of the poorest order of peasantry, and their faces as they glanced at me in passing were filled with absolute and blank despair. After them came a man in wooden shoes, leading a goat; after him a very old man, leading by the hand a child. The child was crying and dragging along after it a tin can tied to a string, clinging even in its grief to this miserable toy. They vanished, swallowed up by the blackness; homeless, and going God knows where.

"I thought of them to-day. That wretched family passed in review before me as the troops were passing in review before the Kaiser; and through all the blaring of trumpets and beating of drums I seemed to hear the dreary sound of that old tin can."

A Soldier's Reminiscence.

The setting sun spread crimson pinions wide
Behind the pine woods on the dark hillside;
A river flowed along its quiet way,
And on its flowery bank I hidden lay
Alone to watch the ford, with orders clear
To shoot down any foe who should appear.
I was a soldier; glory was my aim,
To serve my country and uplift my name.

It was a lovely place, a Sabbath hour,
And quiet thoughts flowed on, with hallowing power,
Of love, and distant heaven, and peace divine,
And home remembrances would intertwine;—
How at the church just then there would arise
Sweet, holy hymns and gentle memories.
Hour after hour I kept the watch with care,
Lest an opponent should be lurking there.

Just as the light began to fade away,
And the bright, crimson sky was turning gray,
I thought across the stream I could discern
A soldier 'neath the trees, crouched in the fern,
Who held a rifle. Though the view was dim,
I steadily took aim and fired at him.
He upwards sprung. I heard his bitter cry
As he threw up his hands in agony,
Then fell, and rolled adown the sloping bank,
And in the river's rapid channel sank.
The hills just echoed with a sullen roar,
And all was still and peaceful as before.

I kept my guard, and lay in quiet thought.
Who was that man whom I to death had brought?
Had I made some glad wife a widow lone?
Some mother into hopeless sorrow thrown?
Some little children now made fatherless?
Some happy home now wrecked in dire distress?
Oft of bereaved homes had been my thought,
And help for widows and for orphans sought.
Had I now brought a desolating flood
Outweighing all I ever did for good?
What harm had that man ever done to me
That I should hurl him to eternity?

Was he prepared to die? How could I know
But I had plunged him in eternal woe,
And now, without a moment to prepare,
To tell the Judge of all I sent him there?
Had he lived on, perchance he might have found
Some useful life and gained a name renowned;
To hoary hairs a happy course might see
His sons and daughters in prosperity.

So served his age. Perchance might hap to find
Some grand invention that would bless mankind;
Whilst fellow citizens respect his name,
And raise a marble statue to his fame.
Perhaps not so. Yet it was clear to me
I had destroyed his possibility.
In abject bitterness, down sank my heart
In dreams that never from my soul would part.

My guard relieved, the tale I freely told.
My comrades praised my skill and action bold;
My captain said I had my duty done,
Some military glory I had won.
I heard the praise, and how the reasons ran
Which justified the slaughter of the man.
But all the arguments that others try,
And views that many minds can satisfy,
Lift not the burden from my weighted heart;
The lurid memory will not depart.

Sometimes at night, when all around is still,
I see the man upspringing from the hill;
Sometimes, amidst a gay and festive throng,
I grave and silent stand, with impulse strong;
Sometimes at church, above the organ's strain,
I hear that bitter, lonely cry again.
Nothing can change the dread to which I own
To meet that man before the great White Throne.

—J. Hunt Cooke.

Address of Representatives of the British Peace Societies to the King of Italy on His Recent Visit to King Edward.

To His Majesty Vittorio Emanuele III, King of Italy.

May it Please Your Majesty: Representing the Peace Societies, and to a large extent the movement in favor of International Peace in this country, we desire to take advantage of your Majesty's visit to our shores to present our grateful acknowledgments both of your personal services and the interest which your country has shown in the cause of International Arbitration.

We understand that in two instances your Majesty has placed this country under obligation by accepting the duty of arbitrator: first, in 1901, in the dispute between Great Britain and Brazil, relating to the frontier of Guiana, and also during the present year, in matters between Great Britain and Portugal, in connection with the delimitation of the country of Barotzeland in South Africa. For this we thank your Majesty.

We remember also the part which Italy has taken in the arbitration movement. Her Parliament was one of the first, on November 24, 1873, to vote in favor of the principle, after a motion to that effect had passed the British House of Commons in July of that year, when our distinguished countryman, Mr. Henry Richard, who was the mover of that motion, was present at the debate in Rome and shared in the satisfaction of the success. Following this, the Italian Parliament, under the leadership of the Minister Signor P. S. Mancini, took an